

MRS. KERNOCHAN ON DOG SHOW.

Famous Horsewoman and Breeder of Prize Winners Reviews the Day's Doings at Kennel Club Exhibition.

SHE FAVORS THREE SORTS.

Westmost Breed Society Has Taken Up Is the Old English Sheep Dogs, Which Make a Fine Showing.

By Mrs. James L. Kernochan.

The second day of the Dog Show proved conclusively that this is the finest exhibition the Westminster Kennel Club has ever held.

There are more dogs and better dogs than ever before. And there are more people. I thought that the attendance was large on the first day, but there were so many people yesterday it was actually difficult to get one's dogs to and from the ring. When I took my prize-winning collie Redcar Lassie into the ring indeed it was all I could do to get through the crush of people, who were watching the trial. You know I always take my dogs into the ring myself. They behave better when I am with them, and I think I can show off their good points better than any one else. Persons who don't love dogs might think it strange to care to enter the ring and walk my dogs about with a lot of men. But when you care for animals you don't think about it. Redcar Lassie is less than two years old and very frisky. She is the finest collie I have. I had three entries in the smooth collie class, and I have two French bulldogs and eleven Irish terriers on show.

Doesn't Fancy Sheep Dogs.

One thing I have noticed particularly at this exhibition is that the women cluster around the little dogs, those suitable for house pets, while men, as a rule, stop before the big St. Bernards, the English mastiffs or those strange-looking old English sheep dogs that have such a fine showing this year. A many society people have taken up this breed of dog. But personally I do not fancy them.

For a long time I had only Irish terriers and I cared for no other kind of dog. Now I have added French bulldogs and collies to my pets, and I think I shall stop there. I still prefer my old friends, the terriers, to the others. They are so affectionate, so faithful and so intelligent.

You have asked me to discuss the present dog show to compare it with other shows of the past. I have no official connection with the Westminster Kennel Club, but am there merely as an exhibitor like all the others. As president of the Ladies' Kennel Association I could not make any adverse criticism were there any occasion for it. But really this year I can say this is the best show the Westminster Club has ever held.

I never saw so many people at a dog show before. Practically everybody in New York whom I knew came to see some time during the day, many of them personally interested in dogs and others who just came to look around. I suppose the fact that yesterday was a legal holiday had something to do with turning the great crowd.

It is a pleasant dog lover to see so many persons interested in dogs. When I had my collies in the ring I heard many criticisms from persons standing outside that showed they really knew the fine points of the dogs and were following the contest intelligently.

Fine St. Bernard Exhibit.

Of course I am more interested in the kinds of dogs that are represented in my own kennels. But for those who like big dogs the exhibit of St. Bernards is perhaps the finest ever held in this country.

Then there are some fine specimens of the very small dogs, the Pomeranians, cocker spaniels and English and Japanese spaniels.

Personally I do not care for these very small dogs. They are not companionable. One cannot take them out except for a very short distance unless one wants to carry them. And I do not think they are as intelligent or affectionate as the medium-sized dogs.

For a set dog the French bulldog is just the right size. It is in size more than anything else I like, which has made them the favorite dog with fashionable women. But I like my terriers better than any dog, for they can take them out for long tramps with me in the country.

There is one thing which I think should be impressed on the owners of fine dogs, that is the importance of feeding their dogs themselves. I have noticed that many of the dogs are fed by trainers or other persons. I never allow any one to feed my dogs but myself. I personally prepare all their food, for that is the only way I can be sure it is sized just as it should be. I feed every dog I have on my place. I order stale bread from the bakery, especially for them and raw beef. Some people think that you should never feed a dog meat, but that idea is wrong except in extreme cases. Puppies especially need beef for the nourishment it contains.

My dogs regard the show, I believe, with a feeling of resignation, though when they see into the ring that really seem to know that they are in a contest which it is their duty to win, they are quite ambitious. The one real feature of the show is the ceaseless walk that goes up from the dogs. The little ones seem to be frightened and utter plaintive yelps, and the big ones are unhappy. The Cornish Grey Priests are the only dogs that I have seen that I feed every dog I have on my place. I order stale bread from the bakery, especially for them and raw beef. Some people think that you should never feed a dog meat, but that idea is wrong except in extreme cases. Puppies especially need beef for the nourishment it contains.

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PROMINENT FIGURES WHO ARE SEEN EVERY DAY AT THE DOG SHOW.



HER RINGS GONE AFTER A DRIVE.

Mrs. Helene Grant Says in Court She Had Diamonds Valued at \$1,800 When She Met David Marland.

RODE TOGETHER UPTOWN.

Mrs. Helene Grant, of No. 445 West One Hundred and Fourth street, appeared before Magistrate Barlow in the West Side Court today to press a charge of grand larceny against David Marland, a consulting engineer and machinist, living at No. 117 West Fifteenth street, with a place of business at No. 217 Centre street.

Mrs. Grant was accompanied to court by her husband, A. F. Grant. Mrs. Grant said she met Marland in Sixth avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, late yesterday afternoon, and later in the evening rode uptown in a hired vehicle. She says she had four diamond rings, valued at \$1,800, when she met Marland. About two o'clock in the morning, after she had been driving with Marland, she missed the rings.

Then she called on Policeman Carroll to arrest Marland. When he was searched at the West One Hundredth street station no sign of the rings was found on his person.

Marland was held in \$1,000 bail for examination.

KING RECEIVES MARCONI.

Wireless Inventor a Guest at Buckingham Palace.

LONDON, Feb. 13.—King Edward received Sig. Marconi to-day at Buckingham Palace.

PATIENT BURNED IN HOSPITAL COT.

Nurse Accidentally Set Fire to the Bed Clothing and Bottle of Alcohol Added to the Flames.

SHE WAS ALSO A SUFFERER.

Mrs. Louisa Calder, a wealthy patient in the General Memorial Hospital, a private institution at Central Park West and One Hundred and Sixth street, was severely burned when a nurse accidentally set fire to the clothing of the bed and an upset bottle of alcohol fell on the flames. The nurse, Miss Jessie Smith, was also burned painfully in trying to put out the flames.

The officials of the hospital will not dispute the accident, and have made no report of it to the police. That there was a fire in the ward is admitted, but it is said that the injuries were not serious.

Miss Smith was cutting lint by the light of a tallow candle, when in some way overturned and set fire to the sheet on Mrs. Calder's bed. In a minute the entire bed was aflame, and in trying to put it out Miss Smith's dress caught on fire. The screams of the nurse and patient attracted Miss Isabel Rich, a supervising nurse, who, with others, stamped out the flames.

Mrs. Calder was to be operated on to-day by Dr. Striker. The physician admitted that on account of the nervous shock he thought it best to postpone the operation for a few days.

"SNAGS" DIED AS HIS LOST MASTER CAME BACK AGAIN.

When the Little Terrier Got Separated from His Owner He Still Followed, Both Night and Day, the Broadway Car on Which He Had Ridden.

Snags was brought on to be entered in the big Dog Show, but the veterinary refused to accept him because of a trouble the animal had in one eye.

This was Wednesday morning, and W. T. Williams, of St. Louis, his owner, disgusted with the show and dog doctor, led the terrier from the Garden and vowed he would never visit the place again.

Now, Mr. Williams is a stranger in New York, and he thought if he could not go to the show he might well put in his time seeing some of the sights of the city. Accordingly he boarded a Broadway car bound for the Battery, intending to take in the wonders of the Aquarium. Snags, at perfect ease with the world and being thoroughly satisfied with the doctor's decision, which prevented his being penned up in the Garden all week, trotted along behind the car.

Passing Park place Mr. Williams suddenly remembered that he had a friend on an evening newspaper and dropped from the car to pay a friendly visit. Snags did not notice his master get off and when the car started on he followed behind as before.

Continued to Follow the Car. The car went to the Battery, turned around and went to the other end of the line with Snags running along behind. In this manner several trips were made. Conductor William Eldridge, of the street car, noticed the dog after the third stop at the Battery and offered him some lunch. The dog started to eat, but when the car started on its uptown trip Snags carefully—so Eldridge declares—placed the piece of meat on the rear bumper and ate as he ran.

By nightfall a great many people were watching the dog on his long trips, and there was much speculation as to his reason for following the car. A policeman who tried to persuade him to give up the journey was bitten on the leg and after that Snags was not molested. Wednesday night Snags slept under the car in the sheds, and bright and early Thursday morning was on his way again. His meals he took as usual on the rear bumper.

All day Thursday the dog kept up his run behind the car. As the day wore on the dog wore out, and several times the conductor had to stop the car in order to give the animal a rest. This caused Snags to be explained to angry passengers they ceased kicking and became interested in watching Snags.

Eldridge's car became the most popular one on the line, and people waited for hours for a chance to ride on it and watch Snags. All this time Snags was falling in health and strength, and Friday morning the dog had to be made with great frequency.

Shortly after noon to-day Mr. Williams thought of his trip to the Battery, and as chance would have it stepped on the same car that Snags was following. On the back platform the dog did not see his master get on the car, but when Eldridge's car became the most popular one on the line, and people waited for hours for a chance to ride on it and watch Snags. All this time Snags was falling in health and strength, and Friday morning the dog had to be made with great frequency.

Waldemar Barth, Who Was in Charge of the Conservatories at Newport, Admits Embezzlement of \$1,500.

MONEY TO PAY ASSISTANTS.

(Special to The Evening News.) PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 13.—Waldemar Barth, head gardener for Peppery Belmont, was arrested last night and this afternoon delivered to an officer, who will take him to New York. The local police were asked by the New York authorities to arrest Barth as a fugitive from justice on a charge of grand larceny.

Barth, according to the local detective, admits the embezzlement of about \$1,500 from Mr. Belmont. He received the money by check for the payment of his subordinates.

Barth denied that he had been concerned in any scheme by which a check for \$400 had been raised to \$1,400. He was living in Newport for the last three years and has a wife and two children.

He was for seven years the proprietor of a florist's establishment in New York.

DIED AS HE SAT AT DESK. Expired Suddenly.

Alexander M. Pattern died suddenly to-day in a building at No. 69 Leonard street. He was employed as an agent for Joseph Greer's wooden mills, Philadelphia. He died while he was seated at his desk. It is said he lived in West Eighth street, but the police were unable to find the house.

MAY NOT SUE OVER HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Wife of Charles E. Quintard Likely to Discontinue Case if Miss Bradley Will Give Up the Man's Society.

SHE WANTED \$50,000 FIRST.

STAMFORD, Conn., Feb. 13.—Arguing with herself between Love and Duty Miss Alice M. Bradley sat in her room at the Grand Union Hotel to-day undecided whether to give up Charles E. Quintard, whose wife is suing her for \$50,000 for alienating her husband's affections.

The chances now are that the suit will never be brought to trial, as Mrs. A. H. Miss Bradley's mother, is trying to persuade her daughter to give up Quintard's friendship to effect a compromise.

Quintard when seen to-day admitted that he had had negotiations with his wife's counsel, the object of which was to leave him free to marry Miss Bradley.

"The proposition was made in the first place by Judge Walsh, of Greenwich," he said. "He offered to settle the case for \$5,000. We were willing to give \$3,000, but he would not take it. Then we said we would give Mrs. Quintard \$5,000 in lieu of alimony, and for a release of all claims against me. Mrs. Quintard refused to consider the proposition."

Capt. Walter Burley, Mrs. Quintard's father, said to-day that much of the alleged evidence against Quintard and Bradley was obtained by one of Quintard's closest friends.

"Charles isn't a bad fellow if he were only left alone," said Capt. Burley. "The trouble is that he has had bad advice. I am not mentioning names, but some of his horsemen friends are, I am sure, at the bottom of all his troubles. These people thought it would be an easy thing to get Miss Bradley's money. They had their plans laid to a nicety, thinking that my daughter would submit."

"The very day he went away Charles drove up to the house here with his wife and child. He had been calling on me in the wagon and chatted pleasantly for a while. As he was departing he called out to us: 'Good-by, I will be back in two or three years and straighten things up.' You see he thought everything would be lovely."

"We knew of his attentions to Miss Bradley and had remonstrated with him about it, when she and her friend went away, we decided to take action. Then we sent for an attorney, who got much of the evidence."

No Post-Office There. (From the Chicago News.)

"Drop me a line!" cried the excursionist, who had fallen overboard. "What the use?" calmly rejoined the alleged funny man of the party. "There isn't any post-office where you are going."

DIED AS HE SAT AT DESK.

Alexander M. Pattern died suddenly to-day in a building at No. 69 Leonard street. He was employed as an agent for Joseph Greer's wooden mills, Philadelphia. He died while he was seated at his desk. It is said he lived in West Eighth street, but the police were unable to find the house.

THE Total Importations of Champagne into the United States for 1902 were 360,708 cases, of which

125,719 CASES WERE

G. H. MUMM & Co.'s

Extra Dry,

Being 407,304 bottles more than any other brand.

The Famous 1898 Vintage of Mumm's Extra Dry, Now Arriving.

is destined to make a still more emphatic increase.

ELOPERS MAY RETURN TO-DAY.

But Whether Forgiveness Will Be Waiting to Be Handed Out Depends on Papa Cusack, It Appears.

TOUR, BUT NO TROUSSEAU.

Little Miss Smith's Wedding Was Marked by the Absence of a Feature Usually Regarded as Indispensable.

There is bustle in the Smith household at No. 97 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn. There is a slowly cooking wrath in the Cusack family, living at No. 171 Seventeenth street, five blocks away.

For Mr. and Mrs. William Cusack, whose elopement last Monday shook both parental roof-trees to their very gable ends, are coming home.

The happy couple, who astonished the landlady of the Foster House, Bayville, L. I., by their arrival at her hotel last Monday night with no baggage save the clothes they had on, the beauteous smile common to their situation, a marriage certificate and other non-leaveable assets of no interest to landladies, have been induced by the absolute refusal of both families to supply them with much-needed clothes to return and seek forgiveness.

William Cusack is the son of Thomas W. Cusack, manager of a large leather firm of Brooklyn and New York, for which the young man travelled, having a regular weekly route through Long Island towns. At the Cusack home the young man's mother told her story of the elopement to an Evening World reporter to-day.

"I have read in several papers," she said, "that my son telegraphed to his father and me the news of his marriage. He did nothing of the kind. The first we heard of it was by reading the account in The World."

"I didn't even know when they were married. Some accounts said Sunday afternoon and some said Monday. I had never met my son's wife till the very Sunday the wedding was said to have occurred. I knew he was calling on a Miss Smith who lived several blocks above us on Fourth avenue, but I had never met her till they came here after a walk last Sunday evening."

"I don't think I knew her very long. He was standing there with Miss Smith and he told me they had been out walking and that he wanted to go up to his room to fix up a bit. He was gone about five minutes and when he returned they went right away. He was about two hours and I don't think I saw him again. He was standing there with Miss Smith and he told me they had been out walking and that he wanted to go up to his room to fix up a bit. He was gone about five minutes and when he returned they went right away. He was about two hours and I don't think I saw him again."

"I don't know whether we will forgive my son or not. He is a very fine boy, one of those happy-go-lucky, good-natured fellows. But he has no will of his own. He is a very good fellow, but he does not depend entirely on his father. Now that he is married we will not have to worry about him. He is a very good fellow, but he does not depend entirely on his father. Now that he is married we will not have to worry about him."

"I don't approve of those runaway matches. They never turn out right. Why didn't he tell his father and me? If the girl is all right, there would have been no objection, and from what the newspapers say of her I guess she is. I have worried myself sick about the whole business, for we are Boston people and we are not used to having things like this happen. My daughter was married three years ago, and she had a grand wedding. I don't see why Will wanted to go off suddenly as he did. I don't expect him home till Saturday. The day he usually comes back from his route."

At the Smith household, however, it was asserted by the bride's mother that the happy couple would be home to-day. "I have no objection to young Cusack," said Mrs. Smith to The Evening World reporter. "But I don't like the way they went off. My daughter left home Monday morning for an all-day trip with the young man, and she has not been home steadily for six months. She was to return home by 9 o'clock that evening. Instead of that, she has been gone for a week. I don't expect him home till Saturday. The day he usually comes back from his route."

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